DC

64

CATWOMAN™

HOWARD
DI GIANDOMENICO
GANDINI

NINE LIVES
PART 6

IN SPACE NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU STEAL!

13+
TEEN

D.NA
12.23

DAWN OF DC

WHERE IS WALLY WEST?

THE FLASH #8

"Reads like lightning in a bottle and there's no better approach to *The Flash*."
—comicbook.com

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RAMÓN PÉREZ

APRIL

DAWN OF DC

VERONICA VICEROY'S FIELD OFFICE, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA.

THANK YOU FOR MEETING WITH ME AGAIN.

I SPEND A LOT OF TIME *UNDERWATER,* BUT I LOVE A DRY CLIMATE.

AND A BIT OF *NIGHTLIFE,* TOO.

I DON'T LIKE BEING AWAY FROM HOME.

AND I DON'T OFTEN LET THE PEOPLE I MEET ON THE ROAD *LIVE TO TELL THE TALE.*

YOU TALK A BIG GAME, *SANTA ESPADA,* BUT YOUR RULES NO LONGER *APPLY.*

IF YOU WERE THE IRON FIST YOU CLAIM TO BE, *CATWOMAN* WOULDN'T HAVE *LIVED TO TORMENT THE REST OF US.*

SHE HAS A POINT.

BUT IT APPLIES TO *YOU TOO,* VICEROY. WE'RE HERE BECAUSE *NO ONE CAN KILL THE CAT.*

OR, WHAT I PROPOSE, *FLAMINGO*-- WE *CAN,* AND *HAVE.* AND YET--

--SHE LIVES TO *STEAL ANOTHER DAY.*

I'VE PAID TOP NOTCH FOR THIS INFORMATION, COLLECTED USING NEMO'S BEST SOURCES. TURNS OUT, IF YOU BELIEVE THE RUMORS, SHE EVEN ESCAPED *AMANDA WALLER.*

SHE'S *COMING BACK FROM THE DEAD?* RUMORS ABOUT *WALLER?*

SOUNDS LIKE A *CONSPIRACY.* HOW DO YOU EVEN *KNOW* THESE THINGS?

WHAT YOU FLORID *CRIMINALS OF PASSION* DON'T UNDERSTAND IS THAT THERE IS A WHOLE SECRET *ARCHITECTURE* IN THIS WORLD. INFORMATION *THEY* WANT YOU TO THINK THEY DON'T KNOW.

I CAN MANIPULATE IT, UTILIZE IT. TOGETHER, WE CAN HUNT HER DOWN, TRAP HER.

IF SHE'S AN ASSET, WE FORCE HER TO WORK FOR US, LIKE WALLER APPARENTLY DID.

YOU KEEP INVOKING THAT NAME.

WHERE IS *SHE?* IF CATWOMAN SHAMED HER, *TOO...*

SHE DIDN'T RETURN MY CALL. NO MATTER. SHE'LL BE DESPERATE TO WORK ALONGSIDE US WHEN WE TRAP THE CAT AS AN ASSET.

MY OWN SOURCES ARE AIRTIGHT. NO MATTER *WHERE* THE CATWOMAN GOES...

"...WE WILL KNOW."

CATWOMAN
NINE LIVES PART 6

TINI HOWARD STORY
CARMINE DI GIANDOMENICO ARTIST
VERONICA GANDINI COLORS
LUCAS GATTONI LETTERS
DAVID NAKAYAMA COVER
INHYUK LEE AND DERRICK CHEW VARIANT COVERS
JIM LEE ARTIST SPOTLIGHT VARIANT COVER
LEIRIX 1:25 VARIANT COVER
TIRSO CONS 1:50 VARIANT COVER
JAMES REID ASSISTANT EDITOR
ARIANNA TURTURRO EDITOR
BEN ABERNATHY GROUP EDITOR

Lot of reasons for a girl like me to come to a city like Vegas.

Most of them **heist**-related--I don't actually love the Strip.

But I'm not here for the **money.**

I'm here to **catch a plane.**

One that doesn't exist, from a base that's never been mapped, from people who aren't there.

And that's just my **ride.**

To put a stop to Viceroy and her White Glove, I'll need to be **totally untraceable**--not easy in this modern world--unless I cut their information sources off from the **very, very top...**

...up among the **stars.**

I can't pretend the people I've stolen from just disappear once I'm done with them. People want **revenge.** They lose a diamond and want **blood** for it.

This is the art of how I stay **ahead.**

Most of these places aren't the fortresses you want to believe they are. They're **hastily assembled** office buildings and hangar bays, corrugated metal claptrap **monstrosities** built cheaply and stacked full of national secrets.

You can't really find them--they're **top secret,** there's no documenting them. What you have to look for are the **holes** in the map.

Planes that fly to nowhere.

One thing I've learned: everything that exists somehow displaces the world around it.

BRRRMMMM!

You can't keep a secret from geography.

From **reality.**

The flight I have to catch doesn't leave from your average airport.

For my next score... I'll need to go **supersonic.**

And as luck would have it, the plane I need is up for a **test flight.**

This is the Ferris **Ultraviolet X-40.** A government-owned, **highly** modified experimental spaceplane that reaches the outer atmosphere at seventeen thousand miles per hour.

Stealing an experimental spaceplane isn't like stealing a Lamborghini. You can't just nab the keys and slip into the seat, or hotwire it on a wing and a prayer.

A multibillion-dollar secret aircraft has to be fueled, serviced. It has to be cleared for takeoff and ready for orbit. They notice it if someone brings a **cell phone** into the hangar bay. They'd notice it if it were gone.

TREADWELL!

GET IN HERE!

JUST ZIPPING UP, SIR!

Billion-dollar security program.

But it's only as good as the boys who are running the place.

It takes a small village to launch this thing. I could never **talk** them into it.

Better to let them think everything's going according to plan.

OLSON

KRAK

OLSO

Nice thing about fighter pilots-- they tend to be rather slight of build.

Works in my favor.

Disguises are twenty percent look and eighty percent **swagger.**

Walk like you **own** the place.

It's been a minute since I flew anything, but these modern simulators are really good. I've been practicing between missions.

OLSON, YOU ARE GO FOR TAKEOFF.

ROGER.

OLSON, THIS IS GROUND CONTROL. COME IN--YOUR READINGS ARE GREEN, BUT WE'RE HAVING TROUBLE WITH COMMS.

UHHHHHROGER-- GHZZZHTSHH-- THAT--

YOU'VE GOT THE CLEAR FROM AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL--BUT WE'RE NOT GETTING YOUR CALLBACKS, OLSON, CAN YOU--

--COME IN OLSON-- WE NEED YOU TO IDENTIFY.

OLSON! IF YOU DO NOT RESPOND IN THE AFFIRMATIVE, WE HAVE TO ASSUME THE WORST AND TARGET YOU!

KLIK

I'm **used** to that kind of treatment.

SSSHHHWWWUUUUUUUM

Here come the g-forces--

OLSON'S GONE ROGUE. SHOOT HIM OUT OF THE SKY!

SIR, THAT'S AN $11 BILLION DOLLAR AIRCRAFT--

...GENERAL, SIR--

...OLSON?!

YOU KNOW WHAT'S PRICELESS? UNFIXABLE? OUR REPUTATIONS IF THIS GETS OUT.

WHOEVER'S UP THERE, I WANT THEM DEAD!

SLAM

GENERAL, GAS UP YOUR NEXT-BEST SPACEPLANE. WE'LL EVEN TAKE A PROTOTYPE.

MY DEMOLITION TEAM AND I HAVE BEEN HONORED TO PROVIDE ADDITIONAL SECURITY TO YOUR OPERATIONS.

LET US GET UP THERE AND GET YOUR SPACEPLANE BACK.

DT

JACKHAMMER

STEAMROLLER

SCOOPSHOVEL

ROSIE THE RIVETER

HARDHAT

Now that I'm in orbit, I can take a break from the drivers' seat.

Some sort of **Lantern** politics have the whole planet locked down, but what I'm here for is fairly **low orbit.** Hopefully I don't get nabbed by the **space cops.**

...It's so **pretty.** Like jewelry in a black velvet box.

But I'm not here to steal stars.

I've got to work fast-- this plane was fueled for a short test flight, not a full mission.

I need to slip in and out on a **very quick** spacewalk or I won't make it back.

In **space,** no one can see you **steal.**

WEIGHT LIMIT EXCEEDED.

BEEP BEEP

...WHAT?

I can't deal with that now. These orbital rendezvous require a bit of **perfect timing.**

If I return to Earth with that satellite still online, I've wasted my shot.

But it's this, or I spend the rest of my **few lives** underground, away from the sky.

Here she is. I don't know its name. It technically doesn't exist.

But the billions of dollars it took to get it into the sky are real. The place it was launched from is real. And the light it leaves in the sky is real.

All observable holes in the map.

WEIGHT LIMIT EXCEEDED.

I must have failed to drop an external tank on launch or something. Which means I have to hurry even more-- every ounce of weight affects our fuel time.

I don't even know if I'm sure how to **land** this thing. You can see why I've put **this** mission off.

I have to act fast.

Getting stuck out **here** means **certain death, Major Tom style.** Not many places more hostile than the **vacuum of space.**

But it's the only way to stay ahead.

I could risk my life **twenty** times stealing hard drives and hacking servers down on Earth, and I'd never catch up with what this thing can **see** and digitally transmit from space.

But **physically destroying** part of the satellite...

It'll take months, millions, and a space mission to get it back online, buying me enough time to take out Viceroy's operation unseen.

It's wrapped in pure gold, paper thin.

The only conductor that doesn't corrode out here in space.

If my enemies want to seek me out, they'll have to use their **own eyes,** the old-fashioned way.

Shame I can't take it with me. I **love** gold.

tchk

My tether.

=GASP=

NO- NONONO- NO--

The weight alarms. **Of course.**

I'm **not alone.**

--and yet--
I'm totally alone.

NO--

--NO NO NO--

I'll die, wake up, die again--devoid of oxygen and cooking in the radiation of space.
Like in the hills of Markovia, but worse.

...#$%@.

GOTCHA.

Warm again. Not like coming back from the dead...like coming in from an ice storm in the dark.

Someone saved me.

Now I've got to save **myself** from **whoever that is.**

CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ***MADE*** ME GO OUT AND GET THE BROAD, ***ROSIE.***

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, HARDHAT--THIS IS THE ***LUCKIEST*** THING THAT COULDA HAPPENED TO US.

WE JUST HAPPENED TO BE ON SITE WHEN SHE DECIDED TO STEAL FROM A ***TOP SECRET FACILITY.*** WE'RE IN ***GOOD*** WITH THOSE GUYS NOW, AND THEY HAVE ***REAL MONEY.***

CATWOMAN, MAN. SHE'S MADE A ***LOT*** OF ENEMIES LATELY. DID THEY WANT HER ALIVE OR DEAD?

NO CLUE. I'D GUESS THAT RIGHT NOW SHE'S SOMEWHERE ***BETWEEN,*** SO IT'LL PROBABLY TAKE HER A WHILE TO WAKE UP, *IF* SHE DOES.

UHHHH, TEAM, I THINK--

KRAK!

HARDHAT, YOU @$%&ING HARDHEAD--

SHE WAS PASSED OUT, ROSIE!

CAREFUL USING THE BIG WRECKIN' TOYS, WE'LL BLOW A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE SPACEPLANE!

The Demolition Team.

I GOT IT--

They call themselves **mercenaries** but they're just a group of lowlife **opportunists** with a **construction work** fetish.

SUCKING UP TO *UNCLE SAM* THIS TIME, TEAM?

WHAM!

HNGH!

SCOOPS!

TALKIN' LIKE WE'RE THE *BAD GUYS*, CAT?!

SSS--

YOU'RE THE *NATIONAL SECURITY THREAT!*

UNH!

I'm a little slower than I'd like. **Space** did a number on me.

Time to get **mean.**

AAAUGH!

ONE OF YOU'S MISSING.

STEAMROLLER'S THE ***DRIVER,*** HE'S IN THE OTHER PLANE. S'GOOD TO HAVE A ***CREW.***

THE WEIGHT ALARM.

WHEN DID IT STOP?

WHUD

HUNH!

WHEN I ***TURNED IT OFF.***

WE GOT OUR OWN RIDE OUT--WHAT DO I CARE IF THIS ONE'S TOO HEAVY TO KEEP ITSELF UP?

DON'T SHOOT!

ROSIE-- YOUR RIVET GUN. IT'LL--

--DEPRESSURIZE THE WHOLE THING.

GO ON, DO IT. SEE HOW IT TURNS OUT FOR ***YOU*** AND FOR ***ME.***

COCKY, LAZY THIEF--

ROSIE, NO!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

--NEVER WORKED A DAY IN YOUR LIFE!

BAM BAM BAM

TSHHH!

That's what I get for taking a moment to enjoy the **quiet** out in space.

They can try to bring me in, but they can't fix the satellite.

I DON'T THINK SO--BUSTED OR NOT, WE'LL FLY THIS THING HOME AND FIX IT--

--AND BREAK YOU!

WHAM

If I can lose these guys on the way **back to Earth,** I can **stay away** as long as I need to. Let them focus on **recovery** and **repair** while I disappear again.

I'm not sure what happens if I drop dead during **re-entry.**

And I'm **sure** I don't want to find out.

BRATTAT! BRATTAT!

PUNCH A *HOLE* IN IT AND YOU KILL US *BOTH, ROSIE!*

NOT LIKELY, CATWOMAN--I'VE GOT MY *UNION BOYS* BEHIND ME WITH THE RIDE WE TOOK HERE.

BUT THERE'S NO *SPACE FOR YOU ON BOARD!*

BETTER *HURRY BACK THEN!*

There's one thing I've been afraid of since this plane started **beeping** at me--

VEEP BWEEP BWEEP BWEEP BWEEP BW

--re-entry.

ROSIE, THIS IS STEAMROLLER-- GET BACK INTO THE RIDE OR WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO LEAVE WITHOUT YOU!

THE ULTRAVIOLET IS JUNK NOW! WE GOTTA LEAVE IT!

DEMOLITION-- AIN'T--ALL WE DO--

--AIN'T-- NOTHING-- WE--CAN'T --FIX!

BOSS, WE'RE LOSING YA!

The heat and friction of the atmosphere might **kill** me on the way back in, but it would **kill her first.**

GOTCHA. DIDN'T WANNA LOSE YA, ROSIE. MAJOR TOM STYLE.

@#$%! LET GO!

I WANT THAT BOUNTY!

I got what I came for.

With the satellite out, I've earned myself a couple of months of darkness on all the deadliest data.

A couple of months to do something I've had to do in the past, but **never like doing.**

SHSSHSHARRRRTTRLTLRLRR

I don't know how many deaths it'll take me to get back to Earth in one piece.

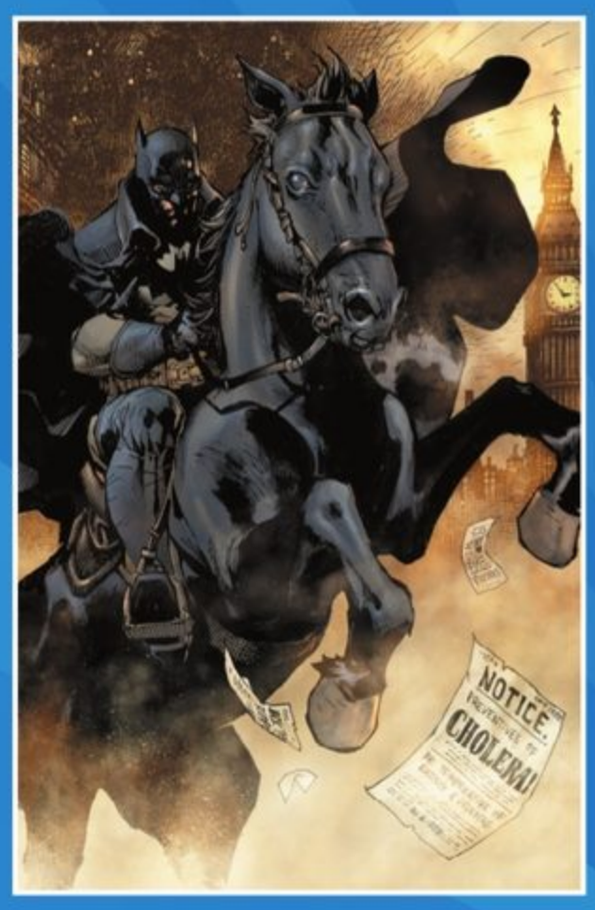
Pain on pain and I keep blacking out--from the gravity or from my death, I can't tell anymore--

--can't tell how many I have left--

WHAM

NEXT: A DEAL WITH GODS!

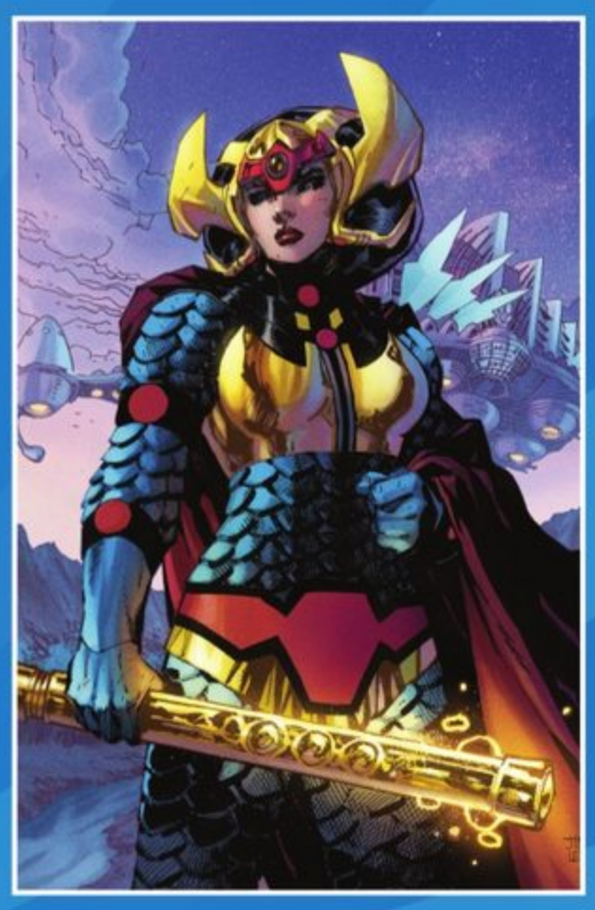
ARTIST SPOTLIGHT:
JIM LEE
VARIANT COVERS!



BATMAN #146

BATMAN AND ROBIN #8

BATMAN/SUPERMAN: WORLD'S FINEST #26

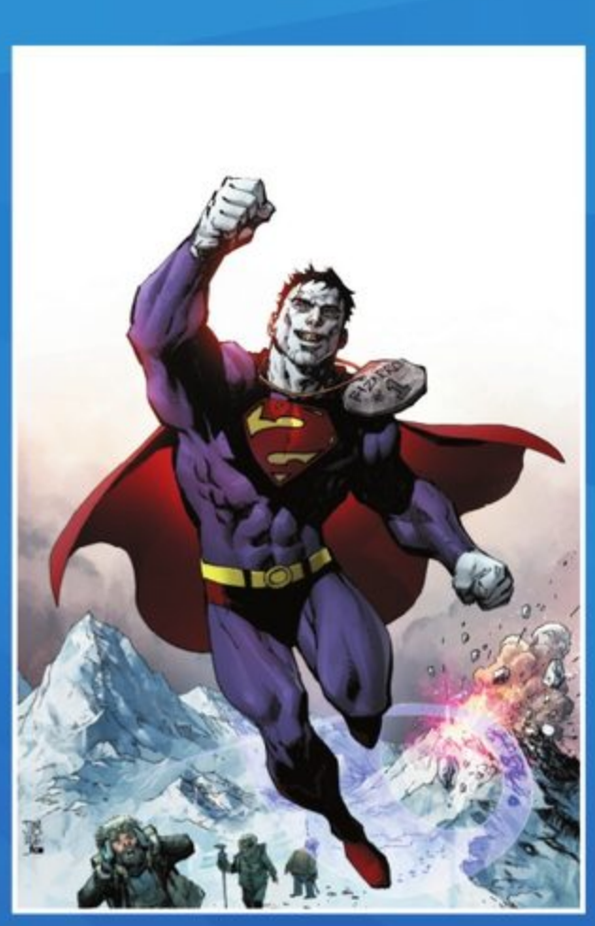


BIRDS OF PREY #8

CATWOMAN #64

DETECTIVE COMICS #1084

NIGHTWING #113



SUPERMAN #13

Jim Lee's character sketches drawn to raise funds for the Book Industry Charitable Foundation are available to the public for the first time—now in full color!

On sale in
APRIL

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DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON

RAMONA FRADON

Pioneering comics artist Ramona Fradon (1926-2024) leaves behind an unrivaled 70-plus years in the industry, much of it spent at DC, where she co-created Metamorpho and served as the defining artist of Aquaman's Silver Age.

Recently, Fradon returned to DC for variant covers proving she was still very much at the top of her game until the very end, including spectacular multicharacter Women's History Month variant covers for *Catwoman* #63, *Wonder Woman* #7, and *Power Girl* #7, on sale now.

Check out Fradon's Women's History Month covers here—inked by Sandra Hope and colored by Trish Mulvihill—and join DC in celebrating this comics legend!

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Empire
Gooba Daddy